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FIGHTING AT TUPELO.

The Live Eagle Brigade and Its Gallant Work.

A BOLD RAIDER.

Gen. Smith and His "Guerrillas" Make Ready.

A WALL OF BLUE.

Rebels Too Well "Remember Fort Pillow."

BY R. C. MILES, 8TH WIS., STETSONVILLE, WIS.

ABOUT the date of Gen. Van Dorn's successful raid into Holly Springs and capture of that place Dec. 20, 1862, with its garrison, Col. Murphy in command, and over a million dollars' worth of military stores for Gen. Grant's army in his so far successful advance in the direction of the Confederate stronghold, Vicksburg, Gen. N. B. Forrest, the Mississippi Buccaneer, with his irregular cavalry makes a successful raid in the rear and break up Grant's line of communication at Davis's Mills and other points in the vicinity of Grand Junction, and during the ensuing year 1863 successfully raids and terrorizes the rich and populous States of Tennessee and Kentucky, plundering the weak and defenseless, and forcing the able-bodied men into the rebel armies to fight their own Government against their will; burning bridges and destroying railroads and other property.

In February, 1864, he defeats Sooy Smith, in command of three times his numbers, and drives him back out of Mississippi, thereby depriving Gen. Sherman of his co-operation and aid in the Meridian expedition.

This brilliant success of Gen. Forrest against a force of three times his numbers adds materially to his prestige, and secures him additional scope of command and power for organizing for still more effective aggressive operations, which he employs in the most infamous outrage committed during the war, and the most barbarous act ever known or recorded in the history of civilized nations—the Fort Pillow affair. An act which has buried any meritorious qualities in his very unclean character entirely out of sight under an impenetrable cloud of infamy. As he becomes more powerful through his boldness and successes and increasing popularity with the authorities of the Southern Confederacy, its controlling element, the Slave States' rights politician, and proportionally more infamous in his depredations and outrages, it becomes the more necessary for the National military authorities to direct some of their resources and power toward his suppression.

After the gallant and chivalrous affair of Fort Pillow, judging rightly that he has made himself sufficiently notorious to attract

unpleasant attention from the National forces in the vicinity, he now makes a hasty retreat out of Tennessee into his northern Mississippi stronghold. Gen. Sturgis, with 12,000 troops, is sent out from Memphis in pursuit of the bold raider, but he has already made good his escape across the line of the M. & C. R. R. with his booty, and he is now gathering and organizing a powerful force for still bolder operations.

During the month of June, 1864, Gen. Sturgis is again sent out to interview Forrest, accompanied by a grand retinue of 9,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry and 200 wagons loaded with army stores. He, like Gen. Banks, sends Gen. Grierson, in command of the cavalry, ahead with the wagon-train of army stores as a force offering. But Gen. Forrest, like Dick Taylor before, is not pacified, but wants also the negro regiments which constitute a part of Gen. Sturgis's bodyguard, and pitches into them without waiting for any ceremony, which very much discomposes Gen. Sturgis's calculations, and also his equanimity, and he turns about in disgust at such unceremonious treatment and "giggs" in lively time. In fact, he joins the stragglers of his army in a very un-military, go-as-you-please race for Memphis. And we are credibly informed that he took the "sweepstakes."

It is also reported that Gen. Forrest was also in the race, but that the afore-mentioned negro regiments got in his way and caused him to lose time. Otherwise he would have "got there" and Sturgis would have "got left." As it was, Forrest claimed a "foul." The umpire gave him first "innings," and Sturgis was "ruled out."

But now Gen. A. J. is on deck with his "Guerrillas," having arrived at Memphis from the Red River expedition, and as Gen. Forrest persists in making himself more prominent than pleasant in the vicinity, the

orders received by Gen. Smith at Alexandria to return with the troops under his command to their respective corps under Gen. Sherman in Georgia, are countermanded, and he is ordered to organize a sufficient force from the remnants of his regiments, after furloughing the re-enlisted men, and from such other forces as are in the vicinity, and to treat with the bold raider for an adjustment of affairs in that section of the country.

In the organization of this expedition, the officers of Co. E. having all gone home, along with about three-fourths of the men, on veteran furlough, in the consolidation of companies of the Live Eagle Regiment for more effective operations, the writer finds himself under the command of the efficient and gentlemanly officers of Co. H, but with the same personal freedom of action when not on duty, whether in camp or on the march, as we have always been accustomed to under the officers of Co. E.

and made some pretty lively demonstrations in that direction, beside sending out a forage train in that direction on the afternoon of the 11th, in which the writer was detailed to play a hand, Gen. N. B. appears to take his movements as an indication that A. J. is disposed to avail himself of Southern hospitality at his Hotel des Militaires in Oxford, when, as appears later, Gen. A. J. had no such intention, it being an entire misapprehension on the part of N. B. Forrest, he having relied altogether upon appearances.

Instead of inquiring of Gen. A. J. personally as to his pleasure, Gen. N. B. wishes to dispense Oriental hospitality by intuitive anticipation of his guests' desires, in which he is soon satisfied that he does not succeed. Early on the morning of July 13, Gen. Smith, with his whole retinue, starts out on the road east for Tupelo, without saying anything to Gen. Forrest about his intentions, or waiting for him to take the advance and escort us with his intended pomp and parade,

valley or ravine from the south, which limits our scope of observation from our position in line in that direction and covers the advance of the enemy on our front from view and from the range of our artillery until they are within 600 yards of our position.

In fact, the Live Eagle Brigade occupies the salient of the right flank of the National line, it being the most open and unobstructed position to assault from the west; but the line is well sheltered by the crest of the ridge from the artillery and infantry fire of the advancing enemy until it is time for action on their part; while the First Brigade of our (Third) Division (the Ohio Brigade) extends our line to the right, somewhat refused, and facing diagonally to the right toward the swamp, therefore to the rear of the Second (Live Eagle) Brigade from the direction of attack, though under fire of the assaulting forces as they advance down the valley and supporting the latter brigade on their right.

Our light batteries make exhilarating music as they are rapidly served by intrepid gunners, and send their shells and grists of grape into the charging ranks.

A too-venturesome officer comes galloping from the right, and tumbles from his horse just in front of our line, within 30 yards of the writer. A rifle-ball plows a furrow through the scalp of a comrade at our side, and, turning his head, he asks who struck him. We answer, "You were hit, sir, by a Johnny rebel!" As the July sun is pouring down his torrid heat, we advise him to go at once to the Surgeon and get a plaster over the gaping wound. He answers: "Not by a good man, until I pay them back for their impudence. I'll pay them back in coin as good as any they can give."

On comes the yelling host, while jests and gibes are all the signs of dread or fear that emanate from men who pitifully await in that recumbent line. But now they are charging up the slope. Their front ranks are within 50 yards of our line; they have reached the cordon of their fate; an order rings along our line, "Second Brigade, to your work, and



THE FORT PILLOW MASSACRE.

The 4th of July, 1864, is observed in Madison, the State Capital of her native State, in a jubilant and appropriate celebration of this great National holiday. A large majority of the Live Eagle Regiment on veteran furlough are scattered in their respective homes throughout the State of Wisconsin, also celebrating, while the remnant of the Live Eagle Regiment at the front, now under orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice, is lying quietly at La Grange, Tenn., enjoying a rest in their camp at that place.

On Tuesday, July 5, all is ready for the advance. The time passed since the 23d of June has been actively employed in repairing the railroad from Memphis to La Grange and the concentration in the vicinity of the latter place of the required force and necessary army supplies for the expedition, and now, on the morning of July 5, Gen. A. J. Smith's advance, including what is left of the Live Eagle Brigade, marches out to Davis's Mills, and bivouacs in position to cover the Division Pioneer Corps while they repair the bridge across Wolf River and the road across the swamp.

As is usual in Gen. Smith's method of advancing on an expedition against the enemy, the great wagon-train is dispensed with. Besides the ammunition train, a few Headquarters baggage wagons and ambulances, only one wagon is allowed to carry regiment for commissaries and sick or

DISABLED MEN.

On the morning of July 8, 1864, Gen. A. J. Smith, with a full deck of about 12,000 men and his right bower, "Fighting Joe Mower," crosses the Wolf River at Davis's Mills, and goes under way in the direction of Forrest's retreat, in the vicinity of Tupelo, Miss. The men are furnished with three days' rations, with notice that they are to last six days, as no more can be issued within that time.

Gen. Forrest is reported to be well prepared with a force of 14,000 well equipped and effective men, and prepared to receive his renowned and distinguished visitors with appropriate ceremonies, and having held the champion's belt against all opponents, and at times against tremendous odds, he is now very anxious to try his skill with the renowned A. J., and stake his Mississippi Buccaneers against Smith's "Guerrillas."

Although Gen. Forrest is rising in rank and importance, and is now at the head of a much larger and more efficient force than ever before, and Gen. Smith's retinue is much inferior in numbers, in consideration of A. J.'s former prestige and renown, Forrest is quite willing to accord him an honorable reception.

Accordingly on our arrival at Pontotoc, Miss., on the 11th of July, 1864, we find him prepared to furnish us with lively entertainment in whichever direction we may choose to avail ourselves of his hospitality, whether in his "city" of Tupelo to the eastward, or to the west in his Oxford Castle, at both of which places he has made liberal provision for our ample accommodation and grand reception.

As our present location at Pontotoc is on the direct road, and near midway between the two principal rendezvous of our chivalrous entertainers, we are not particular at which place we avail ourselves of their distinguished hospitality, and Gen. Smith neglects to give Forrest a personal invitation of his choice in the matter. But having advanced his cavalry outposts well to the front in the direction of Oxford, to the west,

with lively music and salvos of artillery in our front to proclaim our coming, and having a long day's march of about 22 miles, we advance pretty lively to accomplish it in time for supper, and there is no time to correct the program of procession; therefore our entertainers have to content themselves with

BRINGING UP THE REAR

with such music as they can furnish, with such hurried and informal arrangements as they can command, and an occasional "matinee" on our flanks as we pass along the road.

Gen. Forrest presses close on our rear with his infantry and batteries, while his cavalry make two brilliant dashes upon the flank of our marching column, from advantageous positions from the right of the road, and attempts the capture of our wagon-train. But the train not being a very long one, and well guarded, with the infantry close upon the rear for support, they only succeed in killing and wounding a few of the train-guards and a few mules in their dash upon the train, when they are repulsed and severely punished for their audacity.

As the writer hurries to the sounds of the tumult the rebels are just disappearing in the woods away to the right, and we notice one comrade of our regiment with a bullet-hole in the center of his forehead, lying in the road, unconscious, but breathing at intervals.

Arriving in the vicinity of Tupelo just at night, Gen. Smith forms his forces in line of battle in a semi-circle around the town, from the swamp on the southeast to the swamp on the northwest, his flanks resting on the swamp and his rear protected by it as it covers the town from the northeast and bars all approach from that side.

The remnants of the 8th Wis. and 5th Minn. together form only a battalion, with the Second Brigade four-gun battery, the 2d Iowa L. A. occupying an advantageous position on the ridge in that part of the line. The gunners of the battery were noticed adding to their supply and variety of ammunition by picking bullets from a lot of damaged cartridges, to be used by the batall against their assailants in the coming day's battle, and which doubtless had its share in the terrible slaughter of the valiant charging masses of confident Confederates in front of our Live Eagle Brigade.

The extreme left flank of the National line, resting upon the swamp facing southeasterly beyond the town, over a mile distant, and owing to the semicircular contour of Gen. Smith's position around Tupelo, directly in the rear of the Live Eagle Brigade, on the right flank, is occupied by the Colored Brigade, who so bravely resisted the advance of Forrest's victorious troops in their pursuit of Gen. Sturgis's routed army in their retreat back to Memphis, while the various regiments, brigades and divisions composing the line of battle from right to left are advantageously posted by our able leaders, A. J. Smith and Jos. A. Mower, to

RESIST ANY FORCE

which can be brought against them over the more broken and hilly country between those principal approaches from the west and south.

The dawning light of July 14, 1864, discloses the patiently-waiting soldiers of Gen. Smith's army where they had bivouacked for the night, in line of battle, covering Tupelo from the west and south, lying under the forest trees, or not protected from the cool damp of the night, beneath the twinkling stars of the Summer sky. The men are lounging in convenient proximity to their respective positions in the line, in expectant readiness for the first movements of the enemy.

Soon distant carbine and rifle-shots disturb the morning quiet; then rattling volleys of carbines and musketry break upon the ear as Forrest's irregular cavalry and

Our remnant of the Live Eagle Brigade

mounted infantry came in contact with the National videts in developing Gen. Smith's position around Tupelo; then the exhilarating sounds of lively volleys of cavalry carbines, mingled with the heavier detonations of musketry, as our cavalry outposts are attacked and driven in upon the infantry line and fall back slightly to the rear. A regiment or brigade in advanced line along a parallel ridge 300 or 400 yards to the front makes a pretense of stubborn resistance; a

front, as we do not know the situation. But we are so-n satisfied from the waning and receding sounds that the enemy is repulsed and driven from the field. And, as we learn later, the Colored Brigade received them with the war-cry, "Remember Fort Pillow!" They were repulsed in their assault, and then the darkies were ordered to charge, and woe to the rebels who fell in their way! Down went the bayonet and Johnny bit the dust. They remembered Fort Pillow, and took no prisoners.

Again the conflict changes to the right wing, and the Confederate columns come down upon us in fresh and confident masses. Down the valley and over the ridge in our front they advance, while their numerous batteries are sending their missiles into our 2d Iowa and 6th Ind. L. A., while their shells are bursting overhead and sending their wicked fragments flying in all directions. The eight guns of the 2d Iowa and 6th Ind., the only batteries in the vicinity of the Live Eagle Brigade, are sending their shells and grape into the advancing columns of Confederates; but, as usual in receiving an assaulting enemy, there is no answering shot from the Live Eagle Brigade, and the spiteful bursting shells and sweeping grape plowing their tracks and strewn mangled corpses among the sheltering corn has no effect upon their advancing lines.

Again a line of blue leaps from the ground. The advancing lines of the enemy extend to the left, along the front of the Third Brigade of the Third Division, and also to other divisions of the Sixteenth Corps, but they are

REPULSED AT ALL POINTS

with terrible slaughter, and with little loss to the National forces.

It is now near 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The right wing has been enjoying a half-hour's respite from the storm of battle, while away to the left the roar of musketry, mingled with the heavier thunder of artillery, conveys to our attentive ears the progress of the battle along the center of the National line, and the din of conflict now

(Continued on second page.)



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(Continued on second page.)

THE SABER BRIGADE.

Incidents in the History of Minty's Cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland.

GALLANT FIGHTING.

Raiding Around the Rear of Johnston.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

Marked Difference Between Respective Casualties.

BY R. H. G. MINTY, BRIGADE MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. V., OGDEN, UTAH.

DESIRE to begin this letter by correcting a slight inaccuracy which appears in my last.

Private Durfee, of the 4th Mich. Cav., who was so seriously wounded, was not in Capt. Garrett's command. He was on picket duty near the place where he was shot.

Lieut. Palmer, of the 4th Mich., was in command of a picket north of Farmer's Bridge. His videts were driven in. Two of his men, Durfee and another, of whose name I have no record dashed forward, drove the enemy for considerable distance and made one prisoner, but in the end Durfee received the terrible wounds mentioned, and his comrade was made prisoner.

When the ambulance was sent to bring Durfee to camp Capt. Garrett was sent out with his company of scouts, and he drove the scouting party of Texans, as stated.

On May 16 the brigade crossed the Oosteenaula on the pontoon bridge at Lay's Ferry, and at once pushed forward in advance of the right flank of McPherson's army, meeting and driving Ferguson's Brigade beyond the Rome & Kingston Railroad, which we destroyed from the junction to within two miles of Kingston.

This incident is thus described by Vale, page 284:

"MINTY CAME IN COLLISION with Ferguson's Brigade about a mile and a half after crossing the Oosteenaula, which, attacking vigorously, he soon brushed from his path, and pushed on rapidly to the railroad between Rome and Kingston, as by cutting the road he would isolate the force

I was now fully 24 hours in advance of the army. As night approached I fell back about half a mile to a small stream, and bivouacked for the night.

An exceptional act of personal gallantry occurred early in the day. Capt. G. W. Lawton, Co. C, 4th Mich. Cav., commanded the advance-guard; I was riding at his side, when we struck the enemy two miles from Dallas, where Hardee had already commenced intruching.

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Lawton at once turned to his men and gave the order, "Left front into line—Gallop—March!"—and placed his command in position; and then, and not until then, did I learn that in the first fire he had been shot through the upper portion of the right lung. He was by this time so faint from loss of blood that he

HAD TO BE SUPPORTED

on his horse while being taken to the rear.

He was, on my earnest recommendation, breveted Major. He lived for many years, a prominent lawyer of the State of Michigan, and died at Lawton, in that State, on Feb. 8, 1887.

On the 25th Gen. Garrard came up with the Third Brigade and moved the division to the Powder Springs road, where he took position.

McPherson's line was now in close contact with the enemy's works at Dallas; our position being on his right flank, slightly advanced.

To me was assigned the duty of picketing toward the Dallas and Villa Rica road, about three miles in advance of Gen. Garrard's position. The 4th Regulars having been placed on temporary duty with Gen. McPherson, I had only the 4th Mich. and 7th Pa.

Early in the afternoon my advance picket on the Villa Rica road was driven in, and the enemy took a strong position with that road in his rear. The key to the position was a ginhouse a short distance west of the road.

A battalion of the 4th Mich. (dismounted), commanded by Capt. Pritchard, moved forward to assault the ginhouse, while a battalion of the 7th Pa. (mounted), commanded by Maj. Jennings, with a

GALLANT DASH

turned the enemy's position.

The Confederates at the ginhouse, fearing capture, made a rush for their horses, but Jennings and Pritchard's men were quickly amongst them and drove them inside the lines at Dallas, killing nine and capturing 25, 14 of whom were wounded by sabers.

The 4th Mich. had killed 10 and wounded 15 in the attack on the ginhouse, making the total Confederate loss 59. Our loss was two men of the 7th Pa. wounded.

This great contrast, the marked difference between our casualties and those of the enemy, invariably prevailed when we used sabers. The dashing charge, the gleaming sabers, and the wild cheering of the horsemen always disconcerted the enemy; their fire was wild and uncertain, and when we struck them our keen sabers always did effective work. Our Spencer carbines were so effective, and we had such unlimited confidence in them, that in our

DISMOUNTED FIGHTING

we always felt that we could cope with seven times our number; the confidence the men had in themselves and their weapons

March! Gallop—March!" and away went 2,000 horsemen over the rough road; the entire valley seemed to shake under

THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL, and the thunder of that gallop echoed far and wide among the hills and along the river.

We arrived at the bridge in good time to prevent its destruction, and at once built a strong crown-work of rails and logs covering the north end.

Our position was about three miles west and two to the rear of Johnston's army. About two hours after the completion of the crown-work a division from the Army of the Tennessee arrived and took possession of it. I think my men were somewhat disappointed at not having had a chance to defend it against an assault of the enemy.

We marched across the bridge and rejoined our horses. When attempting to move them it was found that fully 300 had been rendered totally unserviceable by our five-mile gallop.

Johnston held the railroad bridge at Cartersville, and two highway bridges between it and Gillem's Bridge, in strong force. He destroyed all of them after crossing his army.

Pontons had to be constructed for the use of the Armies of the Cumberland and Ohio; the Army of the Tennessee crossed the river on Gillem's Bridge.

Van Horne, in the "History of the Army of the Cumberland," Vol. II, page 74, says



GEN. R. H. G. MINTY.

"The Army of the Tennessee crossed the river at the mouth of the Conossee Creek, on a bridge which had been

SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION, and advanced toward Dallas by Van Wert. This was on the 23d. The Second Cavalry Division, moving as usual in advance of the infantry, my brigade leading, arrived at Van Wert that night, without coming in contact with the enemy. Early the following day I pushed forward toward Dallas; about two miles from which I struck the enemy, Bate's Division, covered by a small force of cavalry. I attacked vigorously, and drove him back to within half a mile of Dallas, where Hardee had already commenced intruching.

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